THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers, NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1853. | WHOLE NO. 1687.

Choice Poetry.

WORK FOR THE POET.

Wake not thy lyre in lofty chords,
With mythic transcendental words,
Sublimely swelling
Like wayworn men, with dusty feet
Came angels to Gomorrah's street,
And Abraham's dwelling.

And thus in humble guise and speech
Should Poesy approach and teach
The sad and lowly,
Till, as their hearts within them burn,
The hidden glory they discern
Their guest is holy!

Thus the Divinest upon earth
Light-crowned before the stars had birth,
By the wayside and household hearth
Used simple phrases;
Familiar things, of toil and rude,
With sacred beauty He imbued
Teaching the earnest multitude
His Father's praises.

Seedtime and harvest, rocks and sand
The common objects near at hand
To poor men's vision;
The lone sea shore, the city's strife,
The desert and the mount, were rife
With lessons of another life,
And wrought His mission.

Poet, go fling on worldly gloom
God's light, the charnel to illume,
Dry bones renewing;
Love! Hope! the burthen of thy prayer,
Shall purify the choking air;
Go, soothe and heal a soul's despair!
Up, and be doing!

Original Novelet.

THE LOST HEIRESS: A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, Author of "The Curse of Clifton," "Shannondale," "The Deserted Wife," etc., etc., etc.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

Ellen repressed her sobs, calmed herself, and mournfully prepared to relate the dark and dreadful tragedy.

Falconer threw himself upon the floor at her feet, dropped his hot and throbbing head upon her lap, and prepared to listen.

Ellen told the story of her husband's arrest, trial and conviction, upon circumstantial evidence.

Falconer listened in stern silence, until this part of the tale was finished, when he broke forth bitterly:

"And these are the laws of a model republic! So imperfect as to immolate the innocent, and let the guilty escape!"

Ellen next spoke of her journey to A——, to intercede with the Governor for her husband's reprieve.

Here Falconer listened with the keenest attention.

Ellen spoke of the great interest everywhere testified by the people in William O'Leary's fate, of the powerful intercessions made in his behalf, of her own and his mother's interviews [illegible]

[illegible]

... heard in grief and trepidation, and little Maud in wonder and sorrow.

"Yes!" continued Falconer, "go tell Mr. Hunter that last night, for the first time, I was made acquainted with all my family's wrongs. Last night I learned, for the first time, that through his obduracy alone my guiltless father died a felon's death—lies in a felon's grave—and his poor old mother lingers out her wretched days in a mad-house. Nor are my mother's nor my own wrongs forgotten—not the least of which is, that he tries to force upon us obligations which, coming from him would degrade us! Tell him that I am his bitter, implacable enemy! Tell him that I live to vindicate, to avenge my family. He may laugh at that! for he is a great politician—I—a poor boy! Let him laugh now; the time will come when he will not laugh!—for let him remember, that while he is growing old and weak, I am growing strong! and let him beware!"

All were silent except Maud, who, in a complete chaos of sorrow and amazement, stole from her seat to her brother's side, and clasping him in terror, said,

"Oh, no, no,—don't send that message—don't! Oh, Falconer! what is the matter with you? what do you mean?"

Falconer put his hand around her, and drew her head under his arm caressingly, protectingly, but did not otherwise answer her, or even look at her, or sheath his flashing glance, that was still turned towards Daniel Hunter's messenger.

And Maud stole her arms up around his neck, and pressed her head to him, and entreated,

"Oh, Falconer, take back the message! tell the man not to carry it. I love them so. Sylvia loves them so!"

He turned a look upon his little sister, as if he would shake her embrace off, but tenderness prevailed over resentment, and he drew her closer to him, saying,

"You don't know anything about it, Sylvia, else you would take sides with me," and turning fiercely around upon the servant, and beginning with, "Tell Daniel Hunter," he discharged another volley of defiant messages. And when he had done speaking, and had sat down, Ellen spoke quietly, saying,

"You are to report nothing whatever of this to Mr. Hunter, John. You are to remember that if you carry this disrespectful message to your master, from a mere boy to whom he never sent you, you yourself are guilty of disrespect; but tell him from me that I am grateful for his kind intentions, and will certainly give him farther answer to-morrow."

And with this reply, the man bowed himself out, remounted his horse, and departed. Falconer left the breakfast-table, and sat down in the window in morose silence. Maud would have gone to him, but his looks frightened and repelled her. She went to Ellen, who was quietly weeping, and, embracing her, asked,

"Oh, Ellen, what is the matter with Falconer? And what is all that dreadful thing he was talking about?"

"Hush, my child, don't ask—you will know some day. As for Falconer, he is a wild, hot-headed boy, who is letting his passions run ahead of his reason."

Falconer flamed up with a storm of contradiction in his eyes, but he said nothing.

"I hope he does not fancy," continued Ellen, "that because once in a fable a grateful mouse delivered a lion from a net, that it is possible in fact for a mouse to entrap a lion."

Falconer assumed a look of firm, stolid determination, and made no answer.

And nothing more was said at the time. In the afternoon, when the mother and son were both more composed, Ellen tried by every possible argument and persuasion to overcome the boy's hatred of Daniel Hunter, and to induce him to accept his patronage, but her efforts were without any other effect than the ill one of increasing his animosity. The renewal of [illegible]

[illegible]

The child smiled, and attempted to raise both arms to clasp around the lady's neck; but she dropped them, and a convulsion of agony passed over her face; yet she uttered no cry.

And soon she fixed her beautiful eyes upon the lady's face, and murmured,

"Mother, sweet mother."

"I am your mother, my best, dearest child! my darling, my loving darling! I am your mother! I will be your mother! For I never, no never loved my own lost Maud, better than you!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Picture Gallery.

WAGON OF NATAL.

The most expensive item in the outlay of a Natal farmer is a wagon, such as our Artist has here pictured, ascending the Uncommoss Hill, on the Upper Drift of the Uncommoss River, Natal Colony, on the road to Morley Mission station. An African wagon requires to be very strongly made, for which the different woods employed are well adapted. The roads in some parts of Natal are not unfrequently very rough, and would be altogether impassable by any English-built vehicle; but the Dutchman has made its construction his great study. It is drawn by a team of twelve or fourteen oxen, which are attached by yokes fastened on the neck to a long chain or treck tow, which is made fast to the dissel boom or pole of the wagon, to which the hind oxen are yoked, and depended upon for guidance. Each ox has its name, to which it attends, being kept in perpetual fear of the whip, the stock of which is ten or twelve feet long, and, in the hands of an expert driver, an instrument capable of inflicting very severe punishment, often cutting through the skin, and marking the animal for life. The oxen have reims or thongs of undressed skin tied round their horns, and a native is required to lead the front pair. The best drivers are the Hottentots, who walk alongside the team, or seat themselves on the front chest, and shout and scream to their charge in a language quite unintelligible and unutterable save by the initiated. They will travel at the rate of between thirty and forty miles per day; and will do this for some months, with proper care, on tolerable roads. All wagons are covered in with a canvass tent, which is either painted or lined, so as to be perfectly dry and comfortable in cold or rainy weather. To see a Natal team going up hill like the above, is a sight to be enjoyed.

[illegible]

Selected Articles.

THE OVAL CHAMBER.

"Kirwan," in a recent volume of Travels in Europe, gives the following account of a fearful chamber in the castle of the Duke of Baden-Baden, in Germany:

We made a morning call at the new castle of the Duke, which surmounts the hill, and were shown through all its apartments. As if for our accommodation, he had just retired from his breakfast-room, that we might see the table at which a reigning Prince sipped coffee. We have seen the breakfast-room and table of many in America more richly furnished. The upper apartments wore quite an air of poverty, after having seen those of Versailles, the Quirinal, and Turin. But the underground apartments possess a fearful interest. With lighted torches we went down into the cellar of the palace; thence by a spiral inclined plane, we went down, down, until, by a door formed of one huge flag, and fitted to its place with remarkable exactness, we entered a small, oval room, perhaps ten feet in diameter, and hewn out of the solid rock. The door was shut behind us, and we were buried alive under the mountain! A ray of light came from above, and we could look up, as through a narrow chimney; a stone was removed beneath our feet, and we could look down perhaps two or three hundred feet, and could see a little glimmer of light upon a dashing current of water, whose murmurings came up to us from beneath. And all around the room were seats cut out of the rock. And what was the object and history of this awful room?

Its history, as given us by our guide, and within its walls, is briefly as follows:—In the days of feudal clemency and inquisitorial piety, those suspected of political or religious heresy, were suddenly seized and confined in some of the adjacent cells. The little room above de- [illegible]

[illegible]

HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. MARCUS SMITH.

The first writings of which we have an account, were performed with a stylus or steel pen, by which letters were engraved on hard substances. Writing was first made on the bark of trees, leaves and parchment and thin plates of brass and iron. Even the original meaning of paper, papyrus, is a shrub of whose leaves were made clothes, mats, ropes, sails and paper. The Bible was written on parchment. The parchment was written on one side, and rolled up in the form of a scroll. This scroll was kept as a most choice deposit, and one portion after another was added by the sanction of the Jewish Sanhedrim, who cautiously examined the authority and truth of every pretended prophet. This accounts for the want of order in the arrangement of books in the Hebrew text. Chronicles, not Malachi, is the last book in the Hebrew Bible. The inspired Ezra discovered that there was an important period in the history of the Jews left out, and he supplied it. But he must add it to the scroll, without respect to the order of time. The translators discovered this, and wisely put it back in its proper place. The fathers called Chronicles the Book of Books, the Book of things left out. This form of the Jewish manuscripts shows us the reason of their writing from the right hand to the left, or as we should say of beginning a book where it should end, and ending a book where it should begin. It was more convenient to unroll the parchment as you read. The sacred writings used in the synagogue, and those used in private families, were not always in the same form. Families often used them in the form of sheets.

The Samaritans, who separated from the Jews in the reign of Rehoboam, in A. M. 3029, had only the Pentateuch—the five books of Moses. As they were separated from Israel, they were deprived of the writings of the prophets. The Saviour probably alluded to this limited or defective volume of theirs, when He said to the woman of Samaria, Ye worship, ye know not what; we know what we worship, for salvation [illegible]

[illegible]

PROSPECTUS FOR 1854.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

UNRIVALLED ARRAY OF TALENT.

The Proprietors of the POST, in again coming before the public, would return thanks for the generous patronage which has placed them for in advance of every other Literary Weekly in America. And, as the only remarks necessary for such two and twenty years' past, their correspondence for 1854 have been marked with a degree of liberality probably unexampled in the history of American Literature. They have accordingly engaged as contributors for the coming year, the following brilliant array of talent and genius:

MRS. SOUTHWORTH—EMERSON BENNETT—MRS. DENISON—

GRACE GREENWOOD AND FANNY FERN.

In the first place of January next, we design commencing an Original Novelet, written expressly for our columns, entitled

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "VIOLA," "CLARA MORELAND," "THE FRONTIER WIFE," &c.

This Novelet, by the popular author of "Clara Moreland," we design following by another, called

THE STEP MOTHER.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON,

Author of "HOME PICTURES," "QUEECHEE ROMANCE," &c.

We have here the promise of a number of

SKETCHES BY GRACE GREENWOOD,

Whose brilliant and versatile pen will be almost exclusively employed upon the Post, and her own "Little Pilgrim."

Mrs. Southworth—whose fascinating Works are now being rapidly republished in England—also will maintain her old and pleasant connection with the Post. The next story from her gifted pen will be entitled,

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER;

OR, THE FATAL VOW.

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE LOST HEIRESS," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c.

And last—not last—we are authorized to announce a series of articles from one who has rapidly risen to very high in general favor. They will be entitled a

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES,

BY FANNY FERN,

AUTHOR OF "FERN LEAVES," &C.

We expect to be able to commence the Sketches by FANNY FERN—as well as the series by GRACE GREENWOOD—in the early numbers of the coming year.

In addition to the above splendid array of Novelists and Sketches—we have made arrangements for the usual supply of Foreign Correspondence from Europe, &c. This will include a series of LETTERS FROM DEMARARA, by MISS DENISON, descriptive of the manners, customs, scenery, &c., of British Guiana. Mr. DENISON, American Consul to British Guiana, also has promised us some letters descriptive of that portion of the South American world.

Besides the above original contributions—affording a large outlay of money, we shall lay before our readers, as heretofore, choice Tales, Sketches, Essays, Narratives, etc., from the English Magazines—such as have given the Post a name for the selection of "GOOD READING."

KNOWLEDGE—in the way of engravings is—present at least two weekly—one of an instructive, and the other of a humorous character.

AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, Miscellaneous matter, General News, Witty and Humorous Sketches and Anecdotes, Editorials, View of the Produce and Stock Markets, Bank Note List, etc., etc., also shall be duly given.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

The Postage on the Post to any part of the United States, when paid quarterly in advance, is only 26 cents a year.

TERMS.

The terms of the POST are Two Dollars if paid in advance, Two Dollars if not paid in advance. For Five Dollars in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office:

4 COPIES,		**$5.00 PER ANNUM.**
5	(And one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10.00 "
13	(And one to the getter up of the Club,)	$20.00 "
20	(And one to the getter up of the Club,)	$20.00 "

The money for Clubs always must be sent in all cases. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. *Address, always post-paid.*

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 66 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

☞ *N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST, as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter, (post-paid.)*

☞ **TO EDITORS.**—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it, (the notice of new contributors and our terms,) for one column, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

☞ *Complimentary notices from other papers are omitted for want of room.*

Miscellaneous.

TOOTH WASHES AND TOOTH POWDERS.

Several years since, while at work in the chemical laboratory, a man brought us a little vial holding a half ounce, and bearing the following label or similar:

"Tooth-wash—warranted to remove all dark color, &c., &c., from the teeth immediately, and give them a pearly whiteness. It preserves the teeth from decay, renders the breath sweet, prevents tartar from forming upon them, and keeps it carried into the stomach, that improves the general health of the system. A single vial will last for years. Price only 25 cts."

We examined this VALUABLE AFFAIR, and found it to consist simply of water with a little common muriatic acid, (hydro-chloric acid.) Its only action upon the teeth was to dissolve off a portion of their surface, which of course removed the dark coating. The continued use of this wash would soon entirely eat away the teeth and destroy them. We estimated the cost of a barrel-full of this wash to be about 75 cents, and this would fill about 7,500 of the 25 cent vials, at a cost of about one cent for 100 vials full. The cost of the vials, including the labels and filling, was about one and a quarter cents each. This "Tooth-wash peddler" offered us a shining gold eight to tell him how to make it, (which of course we declined doing,) "for," said he, "I pay $25 a hundred for these vials, and I sell by thousands of them, and am now going to the New York State Fair, and can sell them like hot cakes at the grass country clodpoles. Last year I made over $100, selling this same wash at one Fair, and I mean to make it over $1,000. I sold him how ourselves it was to the teeth, and he left us. We heard no more of him, till a few days since we met him at one of our Southern State Fairs, driving a team business. He had a boy on a stand before him, and was performing his dental operations (confederate notice) upon a dark colored set of teeth, and showing to a wondering crowd of thin fools, the wonderful effects of this white one, made so by his incomparable tooth-wash." A dozen or more of the ambitious crowd immediately walked up and paid their quarters, and carried home the prize. We stepped up to the peddler, and reminded him of our former remonstrances, but he replied, "All pays now well by giving fair fixations. I make $1,500 a year clear, and pay like a man to the State for the privilege of selling. A hundred others are selling it all over the country. I got it for $25 a hundred after telling the humbler here that already you and it could do none real wishes."

We will only say in regard to tooth washes and tooth powders generally, that, whether dark or liquid, they usually contain some acid which destroys the teeth." It is safer to avoid them all. A good tooth-brush, soap and water, are pleasant kind of soap, is the best and easiest tooth cleanser we know of. The teeth should be brushed before going to bed. Food remaining upon and between them during the night, is apt to turn to acid, which can wear the enamel.

We have little hope of getting an end to the sale and use of these not merely useless, but positively injurious articles, but we shall continue to do our part to expose them. We have several more articles upon them, and we have an opportunity.—*American Agriculturist.*

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* As an instant or active tonic one of three dry tea-spoonfuls, and at 35 years of age was obliged to get a second set of teeth.

CHLOROFORM.—Chloroform, according to a correspondent of the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, is used by nearly all the Parisian surgeons. Its low mortality, in proportion to which must be attributed in part to the purity of the articles used, and to the judicious precautions with which it is administered. It is very seldom given unless the patient is in an inflamed condition, with the chest freely exposed, and then upon a sponge, so that there can be no mistake in diluting the vapour sufficiently. In this city there seems to be a pretty general prejudice against the use of chloroform, at least in private practice.—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.—The pious Jonathan Edwards's description of Christians as being like "such a little flower as we see in the spring of the year, low and humble on the ground, springing up towards the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm cheerful quickening around a sweet fragrance, standing peacefully and lowly in the midst of other flowers." The moral may think nothing of the little flower—they may not even notice it, but nevertheless it will be diffusing around a sweet fragrance upon all who dwell within its lowly sphere.

NATURE'S ARISTOCRACY.

Cashmer Perier, on being called an aristocrat, replied, "My only aristocracy is the superiority which industry, frugality, perseverance and intelligence will always insure to every man in a free country." And I belong to those privileged classes, to which you all may belong if your turn. They are not privileges created *for* us, but by us. Our aristocracy is our own handiwork: our sons is our own—we have gained it by the sweat of our brow, and by the labor of our minds. Our position in society is not conferred upon us, but purchased by ourselves, and we have a right to be proud of it—independence and industry. If possessed of a fortune, it is because we have not the talent, the industry, the zeal or the sobriety, the patience or the application necessary to your advancement. You wish to become rich as soon as we become wise: but there is no royal road to intellectual wealth, as there is no royal road to learning. The headstrong who will not till has ground shall reap nothing but thistles and briers. What we have, we have by the sweating of our brow, and your families, or your country or mankind, to whom we have given the benefit of our labor, will be ashamed to see you idle. Every man has now influence for their taste, their confidence, their rewards! If by aristocrat you mean one who has earned his position, I am one, and I am therefore proud of it. I am an aristocrat, and, please God, I may always remain so. But I am not an aristocrat of birth and proud to say. I thrust back then with indignation and resentment the charge which you bring.

MISSIONARY APPROPRIATIONS COMMITTEE.—A Episcopacy on the President of one of our oldest and most popular Insurance Companies was applied to for a policy on the life of a young man of Texas. The keen eye of the insurer noticed, as he thought, a scarcely perceptible defect in the organ of vision before him, and he instinctively felt that the applicant was a dangerous customer. So he politely declined—assigning as the reason that the company had already taken risks enough in that section of Texas—they were "full up." The disappointed applicant, as he turned to leave, extended a laugh among the clerks at the office, after the applicant had retired, and the former, by way of apology, said that the gentleman was unfortunate in his appearance, and that was his only misfortune. But that identical man, and that defect, of the Texas applicant, struck, on the approach of the warm weather of the morning spring, and there up and from the Insurance Company's office, the applicant, more wonderful, the Fat states of the city sought the applicant, and found him out to be one of them—unquestionably conducted, at the end of the day's round. Now these are ugly facts; and we have known many of the same sort left, with which to back up our arguments in favor of life insurance.—*Journal of Fire Insurance.*

CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity is the only religion that will bear examination. It is the only religion that will bear to be tested by reason. It is the only religion that will bear to be tried by the light of science. It is the only religion that will bear to be tried by the light of science. It is the only religion that will bear to be tried by the light of science

SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1853.

General News.

A MODEL DOG.—A Pennsylvania Yankee thus describes the model dog—"Not to bark at the hoosiers Intelligencer.

Many Lenders and Speculators.—I want to pay my debts, and as the only means I can devise to get money without saving, I have resolved to expose at public sale, at the Court House, on Tuesday next, one of the finest Carriages there will be a good many politicians and a large number of unsettled book accounts, and the like number of notes of various sizes and amounts. Most of the notes are young men who were good clothes, drive fast horses, and pay particular attention to the fair—and, of course, are A No. 1. Some of these men who think they do not owe a dime if they buy your goods and never pay for them—are No. 2. Some others are men who promise to pay to-morrow. They are not quite so good. But all the miscellaneous property and catalogue of the names, dates and amounts, will be found printed on the day of sale. Conditions cash.

E. THORNTON.

N. B.—The above account will be open for settlement until the day of sale.

RARE VISITOR.—The Easter News Letter says, the annual visitor of the Rev. W. F. Walker is that velocity, and reported to be a remarkable one, as some think it proves to be a cougar, known also by the name of panther, and by some other names of the carnivorous kind.

In length from the end of the nose to the tip of the tail, is about seven feet, and its weight is about a hundred and seventy pounds. Its color is tawny, very much resembling that of the deer, and its tail is covered with long hair, but not, like a bear's, terminating in a brush. The head is round and the ears small, and not near the base, are black. Its claws are white, sharp and strong. It is reported that the beast had been on a pleasure excursion to the mountains, and was on his return to the vicinity of the interior.

The cougar was once to be found in all parts of the continent, but it is now rarely seen in the United States east of the Mississippi. No doubt if one has been killed before, within the limits of New England, for a quarter of a century.

MINERALS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The mineralogical specimens in the Crystal Palace is attracting much attention. The Journal of Commerce says:

In New Hampshire is the only State that furnishes Gems. Colorless crystals of beryl are obtained from Connecticut, and cobalt from Mary land; chromate from Pennsylvania and Maryland, and the new mineral called emerald Nickel, from Texas. Copper is found in many parts of the United States, but the richest mines are in Michigan, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania. All parts of the Union furnish iron, but Pennsylvania and New York are the richest in this metal. Specimens of both Canadian and American coals are exhibited, and the Bituminous coal of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama, Missouri, and Europe—but none from the United States. Specimens of Anthracite coal. California is the only State which sends us ores of quicksilver.

THE CITY.—A letter in the New York Daily Times, dated Baltimore, the 2nd inst., contains some further interesting facts of the great arrests there. Among the persons arrested, are the two proprietors of the Monumental Hotel, Mr. Ford, three planters, named Hayes, Forney and Owens, the Clerk of the Circuit Court, and a Judicial attendant in the Government Hospital. Mr. Ford has been released on the ground that he is the Deputy Marshal of the District, who arrested him, but was soon after re-arrested, and is still in custody. The commissioners are said to have been found in the possession of all the prisoners. The letter writer says: I have to inform you that the Government has taken possession of the city, and has given orders to the commanders of the small districts, into which it is divided, that in case of any resistance to the laws, they will unmercifully *shoot* all the leaders. This is the only way to deal with them, as the negroes are not so impudent, that they can commit any outrages.

THE PHOTOGRAPH SUPERSEDED.—The English papers speak of a new machine, the "Rotary Daguerreotype," which promises to supersede photograph as an instrument of culture. From this machine 1,000 likenesses can be taken in an hour, cheaper and more effective than the photograph. The machines are composed of a series of lenses, of the Petzeval system, and a rotating cylinder, carrying on a couple of sheets, a sensitive plate, and a reflecting mirror. The motive power and traction continued, so the apparatus is performed with no more trouble than a child's toy. Single forms, or groups, to fill into the earth's surface, can be taken in a few seconds, and the whole scene of the said under operation, two men could in two hours cover a width of three feet, and a length of many miles, and the cost per picture would be not more than a penny.

THE CHARLESTON PAPERS.—The Abbeville Banner says:

We have been favored with somebers—one from Columbia, and the other from Charleston—containing the Proceedings of the late Nashville Convention. We have not had time to read them, but we have glanced over the list of names, and find that the Convention was not accompanied by any perceptible quantity of intellectual power. We have also noticed the most remarkable change of the kind are constantly occurring in South Carolina. In the State of Magdalen, the earth has been rained for three 36 feet, and the Mississippi and Yadkin de Dian have raised 10 feet. Tuscaloosa and Fort West Point have been built 5 feet in two years. The earth has likewise risen 4 feet in Texas. The Rio Grande, Rio Pecos, Yazlo and San Blas."

PLUMBE.—Thomas Mellus has been convicted of the murder of Plumbe, the Daguerreotype dealer, whose name was unknown. He was executed in Boston on Friday last. The body of Mellus is now, and subject—I dare to the most horrible dissection. The Charleston papers relate at the execution of Mellus, the Sheriff, Deputies, and Jailers took him down with blood hounds, and a number of persons followed in the rear. The Charleston papers relate at the execution of Mellus, the Sheriff, Deputies, and Jailers took him down with blood hounds, and a number of persons followed in the rear. The Charleston papers relate at the execution of Mellus, the Sheriff, Deputies, and Jailers took him down with blood hounds, and a number of persons followed in the rear.

OMAR PASHA.—Omar Pasha, Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish forces, is a native of Croatia, and entered with them of the Emperor of Austria, but deserted from the Austrian army, and has already risen to the rank of Pasha. He first entered into the service of Turkey as a private soldier, but changed his name, married an heiress of Constantinople, and thus obtained the means of procuring his rapid rise. He is a man of considerable ability, and has rendered himself very popular with the Turks. He is a man of considerable ability, and has rendered himself very popular with the Turks. He is a man of considerable ability, and has rendered himself very popular with the Turks.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—In the Martha Washington case, on trial at Cincinnati, it appears that it was to withdraw all private letters from the communications, to break the seal of a private letter addressed to a person named Smith, and read that, if any person opened a letter addressed to himself, he was liable to be prosecuted under the Post Office laws. It appears from letters read in court that Mr. Smith, Postmaster at Point Pleasant, Va., had opened the letters addressed to Mr. Smith, and had the Masonic Police, not the Court. And he might have added that the Masonic Police and private letters should be considered inviolable by all.

SWAMPS OF THE EAST RAILROAD.—A great breakup occurred on the East Railroad, on the Swamps, which is thus described:

The road passes over a hill which left New York at the terminus of the road, and then passed over a hill which left New York at the terminus of the road, and then passed over a hill which left New York at the terminus of the road, and then passed

Selected Poetry.

BLESSED BE NOTHING.

BY LUCY LARCOM

Nay: worthy brother.
Lend me yon pay because I am poor
Deep-hearted musgoving 'mid the dark,
Rather shroud pity the light-moving bird.
Forever you, sober in hope's every bud,
Hands of Resource. Harmless' back
Silent train of Hope: And Silent grave cure.
I, 'tis true hands, and a heart void of fears,
Labor, the sure gift of Life to virtue.
Blessed be Nothing

Sardonical brother.
Lent up by a shovel, does clear spot upon down,
Dressing such cousins to more better mould,
When the grim nightmare but lamented in bold,
Discounts and dividends ripped o'er your head,
Chest, the hoarded valuables with state buried lend,
Such as round sensibly groaned at your house
Mains was my copper, a store had my rest.
Brushes the more, here as long as he can worse,
Blessed be Nothing

Self-poised brother,
Pass! in your eyes, and I never ear home.
With your gay household of hail-hearing dolls,
Trifling of operas' horrors and balls—
So when you see, with a penny, wrinkled brow—
Who is that loved in both ongoing under and
I, receive whatever, here Mr.-mouse guide
Pay old Mendicant, his clouds loaded under
Nothing to me through the blue, misty more.
Blessed be Nothing

Ideal-hearted brother,
Never again do you hope to be true!
Hardened within you is stateless, with name,
Thinking the thoughts of a client, a name—
Thoughts of your own excitement, party or love,
Shackled and bound by all thoughtless but your own
Dreams or Wrote Mission for poetry would pay.
Bartered I thus for my birthright to you—
Nothing but duty and love leave to—
Blessed be Nothing

Idol-bowed brother,
Marry a god soon you bow at his shrine.
Tender-eyed Mammon, hardened worn charms
Fashion, the pillows Modest, whose sons
Ruin and research you at once in their find
Never a cloud, edged with silver or gold,
Hangs up the curtain it is never a fold to be
Lent from your sight, but a cloud.
Keep your dominion where I cannot me favor,
Blessed be Nothing

Ah! hardened brother,
We shall be three, one day, in a new
Will not your trappings encumber you then:
Dust of the tomb carried to fourteen will bear
Papers and coat to Kensico's pure air.
Heavy as millstones, you ask with their weight
Holding good-bye to the world. I can't sigh
Nothing I brought here. I can't take it up
But a word true for saying the sage's exact one:
Blessed be Nothing

National Era.

Selected Articles.

THE EMBELLISHMENT OF DWELLINGS.

[From an article in *Henry's Magazine* for October, by Willem Flagg, of Beverly, on the Embellishment of Dwelling-Houses and their Enclosures.] We make the following extracts:

The majority of writers on rural improvements are Englishmen, and have written with reference to the wants of the wealthy alone. Their rules can only be carried into effect by men of vast pecuniary resources, and are almost without any use to those of moderate means. We have but few men of such wealth in this country, and it is not desirable that their number be greatly multiplied. When treating of the improvement of landscape in this country, we should write for the masses, for men who have either poor or only moderately wealthy. It ought to be shown in what manner the most pleasing and desirable effects may be produced, by stating rules and principles which may be adopted and carried out by the poorest man in the country, who owns a house and an acre of land. Such rules would encourage the whole people to unite harmoniously to this great work, instead of leaving every place neglected that is not owned by one of the princes of the land.

It is of the greatest importance for the attainment of good picturesque effects to possess for an appearance of stations and shelter to the house and residence around our habitations. If this be wanting the mind of the spectator is affected with disagreeable sympathies—sympathy of the inhabitants for those and of accurate. Neatness must not be confounded with prissiness, or the humiliation of a great deal of labor or expense in providing paint to white wash or fanciful decorations of the slopes and outbuildings. An unpainted cottage, with a mere footpath winding along from the roadside to the front door step, containing a rough bench or grassie, with the grass growing all around, may exhibit a perfect pattern of neatness, while a highly ornamental cottage, with white painted fences, a straight gravelled walk, and other finical appurtenances, may exhibit a disgusting example of slovenliness. It matters not how complete with propriety is around a cottage, if a double chaise, by suggesting the idea of comfort and thrift, immediately calls wealth and pride. It is natural for the wealthy of uncultivated taste to build complete from the rural decorations of their dwellings because it seems calculated to extract the wealth of which they are possessed. The species of vanity would be comparatively innocent, and it were confined to the wealthy. But how often do we see a house in the midst of a man, with borrowed capital—that is expensive only of the ideas of the builder to call it a house were a false appearance of great comfort which builders have themselves pulled to fault, while the acre only upon which it stands is carefully tillable. It should be a rule with all who are going to build to first procure a place, take their models from cheaper houses, for such as they can afford to build, and improve upon these. The cottage rule is their proper guide. They take an expensive house for their model, and make up in show what they cannot afford in perfection. Such houses are sufficiently numerous in these vicinity to destroy the picturesque effects of our landscapes. We are not in no ridiculous as the result of an unnecessary attempt.

That sort of neatness which is compatible with a simple and natural appearance is most conducive to the best effects in our rural enclosures, may be granted compatible with little labor or cost. To preserve neatness on the other hand, to be under all circumstances embellishments, whether real or architectural, requires the constant employment of proprietors, and the expenditure of sum of moderate means, therefore who includes the wealthy in application of architecture or ornaments, shrubbery and flowers, must mean them still further by hiring laborers to keep them in decent trim. On the contrary it is unsuitable for every one to consider, when laying out his grounds, whether he is not producing either for a constant source of expense, or a total loss of time and disorder. For these reasons entire to attain picturesque effects and have more costly decorations to those who can pay for them, and to those who have no ambition from the wealth.

It is the habit of many to blame considerations that cannot be met—but embarrassment the embarrass of none of our houses in the country. The owner can be encumbered to be at no more sum than he can afford to purchase. As the majority of men who own houses do not afford to hire much labor, it is reasonable to require what is the best method of directing their time and their enclosures with the most expense and the happiest effect. Fortunately that style which is the most simple, and the most template, though not the most desiring to the eye, is that which is most favorable to the economy of labor and expense.

Let us, for the illustration of our remarks, draw two pictures of scenes which are of the most common occurrence. When passing through country villages, on very extensive or on slight elevations, a few rods back from the street, a plain square cottage. As it never was painted, the dark monotone of its walls appears in the mornings with the green trees in front, and on each side of the house. This is kept constantly free from a few acres, but are allowed to grow upon it after returning from pasture. No fence circumscribes the front yard of cottage, which is shaded by three large trees. Beneath one of them is a well, with a plain, unadorned curb. In the rear of the house is kept of wood is neatly piled against the rugged stone wall. On the smooth shaven grass around the front there is an absence of all litter. The fruit trees in the near orchard are thrifty in their appearance, and the branches which have been lopped from them are cut up for fuel, and thrown into a confused heap a few strings from the back door. The barn-yard is covered with straw, and gives evidence that most neat hand has been industrious with the hoe and the shovel. The cows and cattle are sleek and clean, and the pig are neatly penned at the further side of the lane. A footpath winds along from the street to the front door, and another is seen in the rear of the house, leading to the field or garden. There is neither paint nor whitewash anywhere to be seen; not every beholder would point to the place as a pattern of neatness and

Let us now examine the other picture. A palm while door surrounds the white painted house, enclosing a narrow strip of land on each side, which is crowded with exotic shrubbery. A gravelled walk, half covered with coal-dust, leads from the street to the front door. By much the shrubbery, the soil, which seems to have been dug up to the spring, has been plashed and raked in order to conceal the grass in disorder, but concealed by a crowded assemblage of weeds. Flowers, weeds and shrubbery, brier, among one and other, and select, shall, are rather with dust from the street. The rosebushes, which have been variously planted against the verandah, have fallen down, and, in spite for the neglect, bugs, and a few blossoms of roses and chill dress as they pass out of the house.

The stiff sprouts and fits, that stand like sentinels at each corner of the walk are finely as a soldier who has performed a day's journey over the hills. A dirty box-cover, and pigsty, each with a prim white fence, blend their perfumes with that of the roses, the tiger lilies, and the hollyhocks. Each shoe their dingy faces through the weeds and stalks. The grass around the house has not been cut in a black-smith's since last and dies as they pass out of the house.

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The front windows, where the slops, apple peelings and potato cuttings have been thrown out by the fellow-servants, are open. The slatternly under the windows announces the weeds and narrow strips of linen and calico are thinly suspended, like the long moss that hangs from the maples in our swamps. The undressings, which must have been suspended and pinned at considerable expense, remained finally, who, having been suddenly overtaken by poverty, have left their dingy linen behind, the gauzes still they are miserably soiled and ragged.

I do not suppose that the inmates of these finical and showy houses are more depraved in heart in their habits than the inmates of houses of a more humble appearance. But it may be safely stated that when a dwelling-house is surrounded by a mingled mass of flowers and shrubbery, its enclosures, without extraordinary painstaking, cannot be preserved in a neat condition as one surrounded by a clear, open space. I, for, evinced the practice of surrounding one's house with a fence enclosing a narrow yard, and of filling it with all sorts of shrubbery, is so general, and is so generally regarded as an evidence of taste on the part of the owner, that many would be offended if we were to undertake it. It is not the shrubbery so much as the manner in which it is kept, that is to be condemned.

It was not until after a great deal of reflection that I concluded to write upon this subject. Many times were we planting, where the house stood upon an open lawn, unenclosed in front by a fence. Those times have we been agreeably picturesque expression, the cause of which was formed of the house. But the longer I reflected I was convinced that it was an appearance of continued comfort, neatness and freedom that gave a more distinct impression. It is impossible, however, that such a place should be shaded by trees otherwise in appearance also beautiful agreeable. There is likewise a pleasing moral impression about such a place that adds to its effect. An open space in front of the house suggests the idea that the owner is a liberal minded and no fashionable—one who is not afraid of vulgar intrusion. Fences should be built only for protection, and where no such protection is needed, it is a useless appendage, however, that such a place should be shaded by trees, otherwise its appearance also beautiful agreeable. There is likewise a pleasing moral impression about such a place that adds to its effect. An open space in front of the house suggests the idea that the owner is a liberal minded and no fashionable—one who is not afraid of vulgar intrusion. Fences should be built only for protection, and where no such protection is needed, it is a useless appendage, however, that such a place should be shaded by trees, otherwise its appearance also beautiful agreeable.

The appearance of adaptedness for pleasant recreation and seclusion in one of the qualities of a home. But trunkless it platforms and a roof and that a tower or lodge-row in front of the house are also well adapted for the purpose of contend, however, that one's front yard is not the place for seclusion, which ought to be sought in the rear of the house, where one may be well secluded. A rustic seat under a tree, or a shrubbery might be cultivated for this purpose.

A fence or fine ornament in front of one's ground must be planted thus that the eye may not be offended by the sight of a fence, but this should be done in such a manner as to improve the artificial appearance. Most people devote the most of their labors to those on the public eye, and, as a matter of taste, to those which are not entirely for their own. Other things being equal, they are best satisfied with those decorations which they know will afford the most undivided appreciation. It is idle, therefore, to surround one's dwelling and fine material if it can be seen from no point of view but the front of the house, where no one passes but the family and visitors. It is a loss of money and time to answer the purpose of pleasure.

It may be objected that a house built, laid out and planted thus, is something like a fashionable one. If it should on a more here, thereby there, and there, and there, and